THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER

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J. COBB & COMPANY. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

J. Conn,..... W. J. Fullen.

TERMS.

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Legal Notices.

STATE OF VERMONT Be it remembered District of Addison, ss. that at a Probate Court, held at Middlebury, in and for the District of Addison, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1856;

John Christie, administrator of the estate of

GEORGE CHRISTIE, GEORGE CHRISTIE, late of Troy, in the county of Rensselear, in the State of New York deceased, presents his petition, in writing to this court praying for li-cense to sell the real estate of said deceased in this State, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and expenses of administration; and therein sets forth the amount of debts against the estate of said deceased and the expenses of administration, the value of the personal estate, and the situation of the personal estate. that the said personal estate, and the situation of the real estate of the deceased, and that the said personal estate is instifficient, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate in this State of said deceased the real estate in this State of said deceased for the purpose aforesaid: It is thereupon ordered, that said petition be considered by this court, at the session thereof to be held at the office of the Register of this court in said Middlebury, on Monday the 2d day of June next (1856) at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to said license being granted by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a new spaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively previous to the time of said court.

Jen S Busneget, Register.

A true copy of record.

A true copy of record.
Attest Jen. S. Besavell, Register.

STATE OF VERMONT, Be it renorm District of Addison, sr. (bered, that at a Probate Court, held at Middlebury In and for the district of Addison, on the 5th day

An instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of

will and testament of WILLIAM MORTON, late of Middlebury, deceased, is presented for probate: It is thereupon ordered, that said instrument be considered for probate by this court, at the sersion thereof, to be held at the office of the Register of this Court in said Middlebury, on Monday the 2d day of June next, (1850) at ten o'clock in the foremon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested that may appear and make their objections, if any they may have to the probate and allowance of said will, by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed Middleburg Register—a newspaper printed at said Middleburg—three weeks successive-ly previous to the time of said Court. Jun. 8 Besuneal, Register A true copy of Record.

3:3w Attest Jed. S. Bushnell, Register.

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Poetrn.

From the N. Y. Tribune. The Song of the Camp. A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

Give us a Song !" the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps affied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, Lay, grim and threatening, under ; And the tawney mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said: "We storm the forts to-morrow; ing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow

They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon-Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde And from the banks of Shannon

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name. But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion. Rose like an anthem, rich and strong-Their battle-eve confession,

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, Yet, as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's check Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned

How English tove remembers. And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Bussian quarters, With scream of shot, and burst of shell,

And bellowing of the mortars. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer, dumb and gory : And English Mary mourns for him

Who sang of "Annie Laurie." Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest Your truth and valor bearing; The bravest are the tenderest-

The loving are the daring.

Bayann Taylon,

Miscellany.

The Bride of the Wreck.

I was a lonely sort of a backelor, and had never yet known what young man style " the passion." Of passion I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice and his arm once in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, for he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same ship eling together when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivers of a thousand wreeks, and the companies that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left affort I had een a sailer from my boyhood, and when I was twenty-five I may say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of that he existed no longer

I was young and strong in limb, and I think stout of heart, and I was possessed of the rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the good of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every My education was tolerable and I had some books, but my tastes were nautical and I pined on shore. You easily understand, then why I built me a yacht and did spend much of my time in her. She was a fine craft and suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sign now, the happy days I have spent in the " Foam."

I used to read considerable in my eabin, and occasionally, and indeed week ly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise never been on deck of my beat, and I begin to have an old bachelor's pride in fact. Yet I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restleness when men talked of beautiful

women in my presence.
One summer evening. I was at the old hall in which my uncle died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was sur prised, while tooking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman bastily announced, and giving indication of no lit

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremo-nious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring them to your residence.

Of course my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.

Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me, and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way in company with his son, to his son's house, there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me but I made them welcome to my house, as if it were their own, and insisted an their using it.

Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my doorstone since I had been possessor of the hall; and well she might have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful-of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of beauty, but having a soft blue eye, shaded by jet-black brows, her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion set off by rayer hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering earls un-bounded by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit with expression of gentle trust and complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomita-ble determination: for Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a farseeing

Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what the cause of the aversion I felt to entering that house or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believed that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my unworthiness to love her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined and that I was none of these. What then could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty or grace

which I knew were in her soul!

A year passed, and I was the very boy in my continued thoughts of her. I persunded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near a window in a re-cess talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it, but its effects was visible to my companion, who instantly said,

" You are unwell, Mr. Stuart, are you pot? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to slake the curtain It was inexplicable to myself; but I

was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair, I turned and saw she was entering on her brother's arm more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I did not know, but I did so. Thrice afterwards I was warned of her

presence in this mysterious way, till I believed that there was some mysterious link between us two, of unknown, but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit, sometimes without material interven-

I heard of her frequently now as engaged to a Mr. Weller, a man who I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. At length I saw, as I say posed, satisfactory evidence of the rumor. I left London and saw them no more. The same rumors followed me in my letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after. I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been Convinced of this I went atread in my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

One sultry day, when pitch was frying on deck in the but sun, we rolled heavily on the Bay of Biseay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the lar-board quarter deck. Toward evening I fancied a storm was brewing, and, having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my k, and awoke with it, fifteen se onds before the watch on deek called suddenly to the man at the wheel "Port -port hour belm ! a sail on the lee bow;

I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our fore-fact within pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the northwest. The sky was cloudy and dark but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to account for the emotion I had felt n any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to full me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the dock of the "Foam," and as I would advance toward her the form of Weller would interpose. I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was rest. ing against my side, and her head lay on shoulder and then, by the strange mutination of dreams, it was not I. but Weller that was holding her, and I was chained to a post looking at them, and she would his bim, and again the kirs would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning my self out of my fancies. The noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the

foam went before it Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blost. was on deck lashed to the wheel by which I stood, with a knife within my reach, to cut the fastening if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and she moved more like a bird than a boat from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck and shook off the water and dushed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on her that might have stove a man-of-war, but she kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight toward shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest, The howling of the cordage was demoni-Now a scream, now a shrick, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking mad-On, on we flaw!

I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud-ell was blackness. At that moment I felt again the strange thrill, and us that instant fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and plunge the "Foam" was clear gone! Down went my gallant boat and with another vessel, unseen in the black

night. The wheel to which I had been lashed had broke loose and gone over me before she sunk. It was heavy, and I cut it away, and it went down in the deep sea above my boat; and seeing a spar, I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate figure of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night we two floated away over the stormy oceas.

companion was senseless-for nught I knew dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes! Who was my companion on the light spar! What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left? And how could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than to float off with me, thus alone to starve, to die in agony?
I chafed her hands, her forchead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, for tell if she were old or young-scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea

was fearful! So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, and the wind whistling through the topes and around the spars had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sparkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cup, or the

heavy sound of the pressing on my ears.
At length she moved her hand feebly mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wild ocean! I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten: I bowed my head toward hers. She drew me close to her-laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there-it might warm ber's and so help to give her life. Then she nextled close to my bosom and whispered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left en a floating deck. I cut the lash from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to the new part of the raft or lie."

rigid as if in death, Now came the low, wild wail that precedes the bresking up of a storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought her anything else than a bu-man heing. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arms around her and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment. I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intensa love and agony. She gave it back mucmur-ing some name of endearment, wound both arms around my neck; and laying her head on my shoulder with her forehead pressed against my check, fell into a burial. We were see ful of our sp acha calm slumber. The kiss burns on my es we durstna open our mouths for fear lip this hour. Half a century of the some bit o' them would fa' out. I had d Eisses of the world have not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now

It was madness: with idel worship of the form God gave in the image of himself which I adored in that hour as even Gal! I feel the uncarthly joy again today, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not if she were old or huggard, or young and

I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was a buman mortal of my own kind, by the great Father of our

It was a night of thoughts and emotions, and phantasms that never can be described. Morning dawned gravely; the faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head-it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light I wanted to float over that heaving ocean with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light, it was an introder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was

But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out, one by the features, and at length the tertible truth came slowly burning in my brain, I mourned aloud in agony, "God-of heavens, she is dead?" and it was Mary Sinclair! But she was not dead. We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next I hailed a ship and they took us off Every man from the " Feam " and the other vessel, was saved with one exception. The other was the " Pairy," a schooner yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, had started but three days previously, on a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I ex-plained that strange thrill which went through my veins as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and what I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumultuous emotions all that long night.

I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterwads, and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me,

Music serves to make abome pleasant by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sources and gloom which frequently arises from disputes, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy.

From the Scotch Herald.

Robert Burns's Acquaintances. "They're wearing awe', awe! The auld acquaintances of Burns are canishing. It is ninty-seven years, ves-

terday, since he first came among us, and

it will be sixty, come July, since he gaed awe', but he has left works behind,

the merits of which are such, that wor-

thy men of coming ages will be proud to

claim kindred with him. I have known many of his personal acquaintances, or those who had seen him and spoken with him; but from the visible defects exhibited by most of the pretenders to his acquaintance, it must have been but slight. I have had the Whipper in on my back. He told me in confidence that he had the honor to be the character. I have met a number who spoke of having gills in his company, but as for conversation they seemed to have none. An auld wife told me that she was at a wedding wi' him, and "atweel he was but a little worth fallow. It was a pay-wedding, and it was a lang till he had them in for a braw sum, and the rest o' the lade thought that he scepit himself clear, but they couldna mark it out on him, for he put them aye stupid wi', the way he counted." Some had set in the same kirk wi' him. Ane had driven the plough with Anither had enjoyed his blethers at the bin in the morning, and been unco great wl' him, just because he listened to him. He was unco fond to get ony-body to listen to his nonsense. I have seen Brither Davie, and heard a number of the elergymen preach whose portraits he had taken. I have visited many of the scenes he has immortalized. I was born within ten miles of him, and speak the same language. I have only heard one old man of the whole pretended acquaintances of Burns speak sensibly of his character and genius. I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the 'Farewell to the Mason Lodge Tarbelton." "Hand your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang, quoth he, "I herd it once bung to perfections, and canna think to her onybody abuse it." "And whaur happened ye to hear it?" said I. "I heard it," said he, with emphasis, "the first time it was sung in this kintra." "Ye coundna do that," said I, "fer Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in pubmyself to the new part of the raft or lie." "Aye did he man, and I sat at his wreck, I knew not which, and all the right hand," quoth the old man. I made time that arm was around my neck, and some inquires about several things conneeted with the meeting, which impairies he answered in the following manu-It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number us belanging to the Lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches-every one taking up his favorite theme. We met and retle and lith as spirits. hearsed our pieces, to our ain satisfaction. The night came when we were to have a fareweel meeting of the Ladge, in honor o' his gaun awe." There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to myself, and I suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the hard for ance, so as he

> such an alteration on onybody. He looked bigger like than usual, and wild like. His een seemad stern, and his cheeks fa'n u. He sat down in the chair, as Master, ITe looked round at us I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' speech, and for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad. He could get to us no sooner He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him. He had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into song' such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. O man, when he came to the last verse, wher he

might hae mind o' us when far frae us.

He was late in coming that night-a

thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw

When yearly ye assemble a.'
One round, I ask it wi' a tene,
To him, the Bard that s far awa.'

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He rose and burst into tears, They werena sham anes. It was a queer sight to se so mony men barst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themsel. Soon after the song he said he could not stay longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought forever . We sat and looked at each other, full as were wi' great speeches them cam' to the light that nicht. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by anybody; but there is a feeling emains I wadna like to part wi." oked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech The old man is now gathered to his fath ers. "They are wearing awa."

"I HAVE THE READING OF IT EVERY WEER.'-It not unfrequently occurs when persons are asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply 'No, but neighbor B takes it and Thave the reading of it every week.' Some often add,' that they consider it the best paper they know of."

They are benefitted evry secek by the toils, perplexities, and expenditures of those who receive nothing from them in return. Reader, if you feel reproved just send in your name and take the paper yourself.

From the Cravon The Jugglers of India.

One morning after I had passed some days at Madras, I went to the "gardenouse" of one of my English friends, to see an exhibition by some jugglers who had been sent for the night before to come up from the Black Town. The ugglers of Madras are famous as the best in India. They form a castle by themselves. Their skill is the result of the practice of successive generations, and their art is an hereditary one. It was about six o'clock in a clear September morning and our party consisted of five or six spectators. Coffee having been served, we took our seats on the veranda on the shady side of the Louse. while the jugglers, of whom there were fifteen or twenty, men, woman and children, ranged themselves before us on the grase, an the further side of the avetween us and them. Behind them was a green field, on which at some distance grow a few trees and flowering shrubs. There was nothing near them that could afford a hiding place or shelter. men were nothing but the dhotee or tight eloth about their loins; two of them were very old, with white beards lying upon their skins - The women were clothed in the common bright loose dress of the lower classes, and the little children were quite naked. The implements of their art, their musical instruments, and the flat, circular baskets in which were their snakes, for the jugglers are also suake charmers by profession lay around about upon the grass.

One of the young men began the exhibition with some common tricks of slight of hand, remarkable only from the fact that his dress and the ground affording him no aids. Then another came forward and throwing four brass balls into the air, kept them in constant motion, now making the circle around his head, now throwing them in opposite direc-tions under his arm and over his shoulders, now chasing one with another, never missing the instantaneous chance, with incredible quickness of hand, with incomprehensible delicacy making them wheelabout him as if they were the obedient servants of his will. Such exquisite skill makes one's hands seem utterly clumsy and insufficient. All the while that this juggler was playing so beautifully with the glittering brass balls, one of his compasions beat upon a dull drum, while the others looked on, and now and then, at some puculiarly successful or long sustained flight, broke out with a murmur of encouraging applause. Then followed in quick success on other not less remarkable feats of strength, agility and skill-feats on poles, with swords, with stones, with ribbands-feats indeed of all serts. and all done with an aparent case that made them not less pleasant than wonderful to see. The jugglers seemed sub-

Not field or transicled with joint or limb, Not founded on the brittle strength of bone

But the most wonderful performance that we saw this morning, was a feat of pure juggling of which I have never able to find any solution. One of the old men come forward upon the graveled blin a woman. He made her kneel down tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag net made with open meshes of rope. but it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed impossible for her to extricate herself from it. The man took a closely woven wicker basket that narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the not from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necossarily in a most cramped position he put the cover upon it and threw over it a wide strip of cloth hilling it completely. In a moment placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the not quite unfied and disentangled.

He then took a long, strait, sharp

sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective -Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet.

Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of their The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the veranda on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who had seen it evergave a clue to the manner in which

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments, like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bel-

IN DEAT AND OUT OF DERT. - Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What meanness, what invasions on selfrespect, what cares, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles, how, like a knife, it will stab the honest heart ! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how with the 'damned custom' of dobt, has the man become the callons trickster. A freedom of debt and what neurishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsomeness in dry crust; what ambrosis! nourishment in a hard egg. Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt,

though his meal be a biscuit and an onion dines in 'the Apollo' And then for rai-ment—what warmth in a thread-bare cont, if the tailors receipt be in your pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for. How glossly the well worn hat if it cover not the aching of a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out door recreations of the freeman. The street door falls not a knell on his heart; the foot on the staircase though he lived on the third pair sends no spasms through his anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow forth come in and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sinks not in his bowels. See him abroad. How he look for look with any passenger, how he saunters; how meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips !

But then, this man knows not debtdebt that casts a drug into the richest wine; that maken the food of the gods unwholsome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquet of a Lucullus with ashes and drops soot into the soup of an Emperor; debt, that like the moth makes valueless furs and velvets-inclosing the wearer in a festering prison-the shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for-debt, that writes upon freecoed walls the handwriting of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside; debt, that invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, new quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bridging to his face the ashy hue of death as the unconscious passenger looks glancing upon him. Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may-and sometimes with advantage be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may after all be a wholesome bitterness in the cup. debt, however courteous it be offered, is the cup of a syrien, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe leather and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him, but the debtor, though clothed in the atmost bravery, what is be bur a serf out upon a holiday—a slave—to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see the wise running spring, let thy mouth water at least a week's roll, think a thread-bare coat the 'only wear,' and acknowledge a white washed garret the finest housing place for a gentleman. Do this and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace and the sheriff be confounded - Douglus Jerrold.

FRENCH LOVE OF SCANDAL - A French provincial paper contains the following

A trial took place at our Assizes. it promised rich food for scandal. All the ladies of the town bedeeked themselves in their smartest toilers and crowded to the court-house. On seeing this the presiding judge rose and said, 'Persons here assembled as spectators are not aware of the nature of the case. I therefore invite all decent woman to withdraw ! A pause took place without a single female moving to retire from her seat. Seeing this the Judge again rose and said : Officers of the court, now that all the decent woman have retired turn out the remainder."

BROTHER AND SISTER .- Brothers! sisters' blessed names; are they not worth cherishing in the world of sunshine and shadow? Do we not love them, though angry words may sometimes seal our lipe to them? Are we not afterwards repentant of this our foolishness ! and as wo put our arms around their neck and kiss away the tear of forgiveness, do we realize how much we have for which to be grateful? And many other kindred and dear acquaintances are with us on the journey of life; but we overlook our blesogs, and try to penetrate into the dark future, that we may find something to grumble over instead of raising our hearts n thank-giving and praise, for the many blessings around us.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN .- On one or easion, while Dr Franklin was in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, he was busily engaged in some manner just as the chaplin was about to pray. The preacher waited for the doctor to cease his attention to the odject of his pursuit and attend to him, but finally the cher spoke and said, "If the Hon. Philosopher will give his attention we will pray. t'ranklin, without raising head replied.

The following reply to that ever-lasting enquiry, "How do you de?" was made by an original the other day: Rather slim, thank ye; I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and a swellin on t'other knee, besides havin'a touch o' the influenza-and ain't very well my self neither!"

Sidney Smit's says, the Anglo Saxon race was made for two purposes, viz: to manufacture calico and steal land. A hard hit.

Hezekiah says that if his landlady knew beans, she would'nt buy the article called "burnt and ground coffee."